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1947

Philosopher

KVP Co.

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Uncle Jake

MEMORIAL EDITION

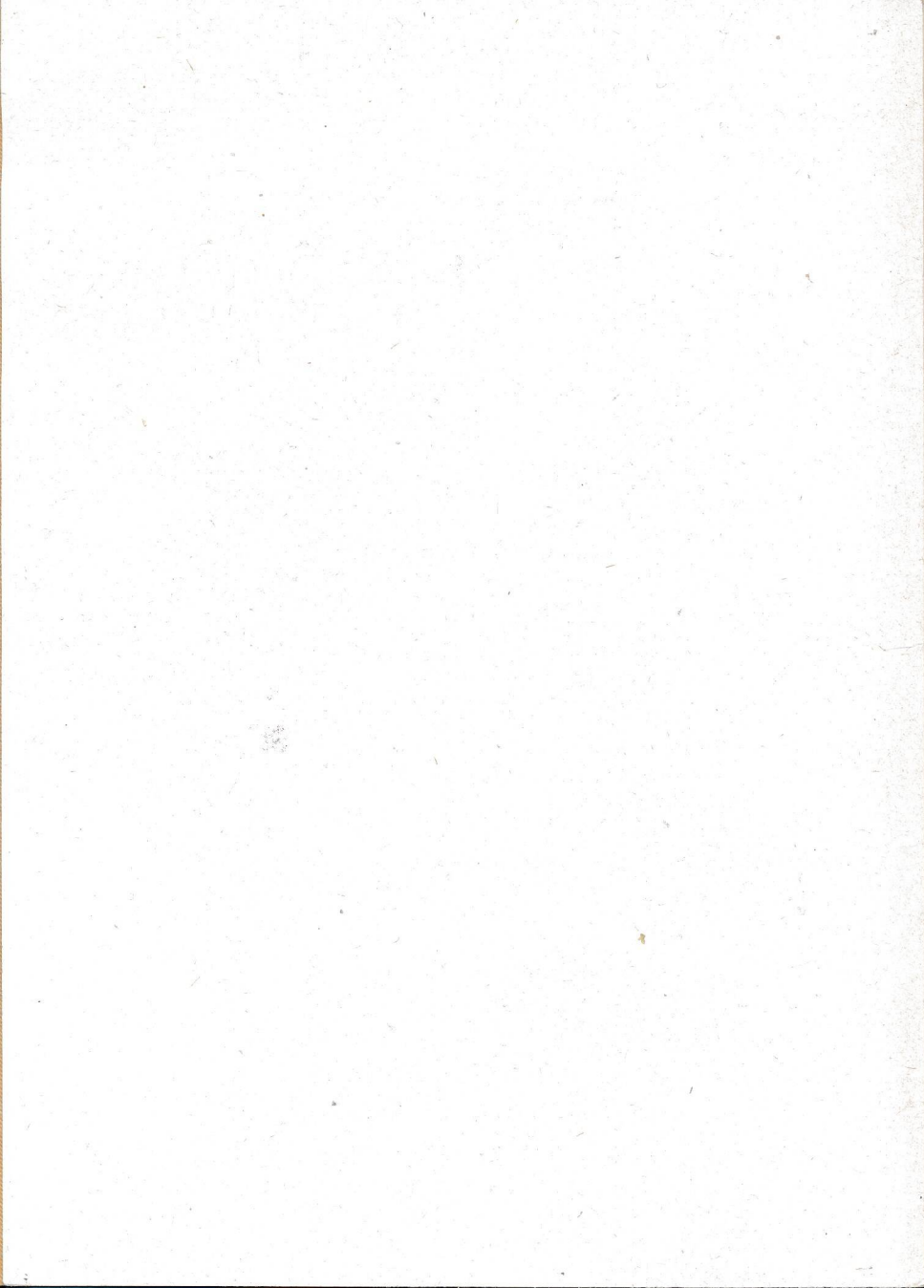
PHILOSOPHER

KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCIMENT COMPAN

W.C. 1111



JACOB KINDLEBERGER
February 27, 1875—January 1, 1947





PHILOSOPHER

GLENN STEWART, EDITOR

Sent to you by the

KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY
PARCHMENT • KALAMAZOO 99 • MICHIGAN

[often called The World's Model Paper Mill]

with the hope that it may aid to a better understanding between man and man.
Not copyrighted. If there is good here, we want to share it... Sent without
charge to all KVP customers, and to business executives who request it
on their firm's stationery.

VOL. 16

FEBRUARY, 1947

NO. 2

JACOB KINDLEBERGER

When a man develops a consuming passion for something, look to his background. Somewhere in his heredity, somewhere in his environment, you will find the reason. It is not hard to find the cause of Jacob Kindleberger's passion for freedom, for individual self-expression, for his love of peace. It came from his parents; from his father, John Kindleberger, from his mother, Otilde Frealich. They were rebels against regimentation.

That is why, in 1880 when Jacob was a child of five, they brought him to America, leaving their home near Strasbourg in Alsace-Lorraine for a land of freedom and equal opportunity.

Makers and converters of PARCHMENT • WAXED • WRAPPING
GREASEPROOF • LAMINATED • BOND • HOUSEHOLD PAPERS
Specialists in FOOD PROTECTION PAPERS

Their first stop was at Cincinnati, Ohio. A year later they moved to Dayton, then once more to West Carrollton where the father had found work with the Friend Paper Company. The little boy, destined to become one of the country's outstanding examples of rugged individualism, was already contributing to the support of the growing family, for the father's work habits were irregular.

In the most revealing letter of hundreds that he wrote to customers he tells of those early years in this touching manner:

August 6, 1932

SELF-HELP A WAY OUT

In these troubled days and sleepless nights, we find ourselves much worried about how we are going to make both ends meet. Well, there comes to my mind at this time that uncanny ingenuity of my Mother.

Of the many successful managers that history records, I am compelled to pin the gold medal on my Mother as one of the best household managers.

There were six children in our family at that time. The oldest was sixteen years of age; the youngest, a babe in arms. Now how did this great Mother of mine clothe and feed her children? There were no Civic Leagues, no Charity Associations, no doles in those days. One just had to help himself as best he could.

On Saturday evenings, at seven-thirty (I shall always remember the day and the hour) Mother would take her large market basket and start for the market, which closed at eight o'clock. She always made it a point to get there just about ten or fifteen minutes before closing time. Then the farmers, who had the stands at that time, sold their last few potatoes and vegetables for a few pennies. From the meat market, she received an armful of soup bones for about three cents; a few loaves of old bread at the local bakery for two cents a

loaf; and a package of coffee essence from the grocery.

This basket of food and the wonderful skill possessed by my Mother as a soup maker kept the little flock healthy.

Mother too suggested for the four older children just literally hundreds of ways to make a nickel here and a dime there; such as, cleaning up the back yards of the neighbors, running errands, getting kindling and coal for ourselves and the neighbors, shining shoes, selling papers, picking up peach seeds out of the gutter. For these peach seeds, we received five cents a quart. We sold them to the old soldiers of the soldier's home. These old soldiers spent their time and made their beer money whittling out little trinkets from these peach seeds.

These nickels and dimes, together with the wash money Mother made, paid the rent.

One of the unsolved mysteries that will go down with me to the grave is how and where did Mother get all the old clothes wherewith we were clothed. I remember well my pants and coats were several sizes too large, usually made out of heavy coarse material. She continually reminded us that we were growing so fast that in just a few months they would fit perfectly.

Way into the night she would rip and cut and sew the clothes we wore. When we complained a little about our hardships, she would say, "Well, we must do the best we can with what we have. Someday conditions will be better and God always helps those who help themselves."

How fortunate I am to have been born and reared in the time of depression and to have had such a frugal, thrifty and ingenious Mother, one who always found a way out.

Blessed indeed is the boy who is fortunate enough to have such a Mother as mine.

Sincerely yours,

J. Kindleberger

He knew what self-help meant. Anything of great value was always "worth barrels of gold," and he forever insisted that coming up the hard way was better than if he had been born with a silver spoon.

When he was 10, he went to work in the rag room of the Friend Paper Company. His job was to cut buttons off rags, empty pockets, sort the kinds of cloth. He did it mostly by feel, being unaware that his vision was poor. Everything he saw, he saw as a blur. He thought that was normal. School laws were lax. He had not gone to school at all before becoming a breadwinner . . . at 25c a day! At 13, he was promoted to a hand on a paper machine. These years he best remembered as years spent dodging the heavy boot of the foreman. "I can still feel it on the seat of my pants," he would often say, and make a wry shrug and grimace as if it still hurt.

DAMASCUS ROAD

One night when he was 15, he and some other mill hoodlums, as he was later to call the gang, went to a Methodist revival meeting. What happened there changed his life as completely as Paul's life was changed on the Damascus road. The "fools who came to scoff remained to pray." He was converted.

It was an experience that was to last a lifetime. He joined the church. His fellow church members put their Christianity to work. His employer, Mr. Robert W. Burns was among them. They took an interest in him for which he was eternally grateful. His Sunday School teacher, a woman he was to speak reverently of as long as he lived, gave him a New Testament. Out of it, she taught him to read. But reading and writing came hard. Somehow, it never occurred to anyone that his eyes were holding him back.

Then at 19, he got his first glasses. Mr. Burns gave them to him. A whole new world opened up,

a world he had not dreamed existed. Now he had a new and compelling urge. "Be somebody, Jake, be somebody!" At 21, he left the paper mill, became a school janitor so he could attend night classes. He had decided to become a minister.

Hungry for education, eager to make up the lost years of schooling, he enrolled in the academy of near-by Ohio Wesleyan. To pay his way, he sold books, hat racks, steam cookers, door-to-door. He was soon able to enroll in the college itself. In his third year, those overworked eyes went back on him. He had to leave school. He had to give up the idea of becoming a minister.

It was an interest that was never to be lost. Nothing in later years gave him more pleasure than to appear before church gatherings, sometimes as a Bible class teacher, sometimes as a speaker before conventions, sometimes as the occupant of the pulpit itself. He loved church groups. He loved the work of the church. He held up the hands of the ministers. He had nearly been one himself.

But he still had a resource he had only begun to tap. It was a skill in selling. His steam cookers were sometimes making him \$100 a week. One day Mr. Burns found him unloading a shipment at the depot. He did not know about the \$100 a week. He offered him a job selling paper at \$15 a week. The young man took it. He thought the paper business held more possibilities than house-to-house canvassing. Thus was launched the selling career of one of the best salesmen the paper industry has ever known. His territory was the entire U. S., Canada and Mexico. Soon he was making \$500 a month.

HE GOES TO KALAMAZOO

Late in 1909, a brother-in-law who had come to Kalamazoo to work wrote glowing accounts about

the great opportunity that existed there for starting up a parchment converting plant. He stopped off to look the situation over, caught the vision, resigned his job, sold Kalamazoo capital on the idea, and the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company was born, with the 34-year-old salesman as its secretary . . . at \$100.00 a month. The events of the years that followed are well known to the readers of this little publication through a series of articles Mr. Kindleberger wrote about those early struggles some four years ago.

He was an exceedingly grateful man. It was almost an obsession with him. Grateful for his mother, grateful for his need to struggle, grateful that some of his prayers were answered. Grateful to those who had helped him when he was a boy. Grateful to Mr. Burns, for whom he named his only son. Grateful to his wonderful, devoted wife. Grateful to his fellow workmen and to his customers.

He admired gratitude in others. When a particularly gracious letter would come in, thanking him for some gift or favor, he would show it all around. "My! Isn't it wonderful when people know how to say 'thank you'!"

ELBERT HUBBARD

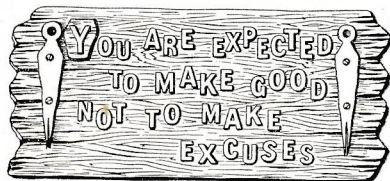
During his road selling days, he would stop in at East Aurora whenever he was in the Buffalo area and listen to Elbert Hubbard talk to the guests around the glowing fire. There is something about master salesmen that attract one to another, and Hubbard was a master. Those were the days when Hubbard's meaty, pungent *Phyllistine* was the top-drawer house magazine of the country, and Hubbard's pithy sayings were being published in motto card form from Nome to Timbuctu. Hubbard probably influenced his concept of successful advertising and selling technique more than any other individual.

The young paper salesman, now manager of the plant, got Hubbard to stop off in Kalamazoo and write one of his famous *Little Journeys* about the mill. It was entitled *A Palaver on Paper*, and the Hubbard name and the Kindleberger enthusiasm made it work overtime with glowing results.

It gave him an insight into what "printed salesmanship" could do. "This mill," he frequently said, "was built on a 2c stamp. I couldn't cover the whole country myself, and we were still too poor to hire salesmen, so I wrote letters to everybody I used to know, particularly the packers and creamerymen. They brought back orders, all for a 2c stamp." This enthusiasm for the power of the printed word to create good will for the company has continued to this day even though KVP salesmen regularly cover every section of the country in person.

THE MOTTOES

He liked short, punchy mottoes and was always ducking into some curio shop to collect them. They became sort of a hobby. He would hang them on his office walls. Some he would give away or discard, but three have hung near his desk for many years. One looks about like this:



"I well remember the day I came to work for him," Mr. Alfred Southon, now 1st vice-president and general sales director, recalls. "He looked me over and then he pointed to that motto. 'See that?' Nothing more was said. He would never stand for

alibis, and did not use them himself. Excuses didn't go."

The other two, painted on leather, were these, both by Elbert Hubbard:

*PUSH! If you can't push, PULL!
If you can't pull, please get out
of the way.*



*To avoid criticism, do nothing,
say nothing, be nothing.*

Another favorite was Kipling's famous

*I had six honest serving men,
They taught me all I knew;
Their names were What and Why
and When
And How and Where and Who.*

One day he made the rounds of the office with one of the mill's artists, pointing out where he wanted certain mottoes painted. The sales department got ten of them. These are typical:

Be gentle and keep your voice low.

*Be yourself and you will be
distinguished.*

*Something for nothing is always
paid for.*

*A lazy man is of no more use
than a dead one and takes up
more room.*

The accounting department got just one:

Here accuracy is law.

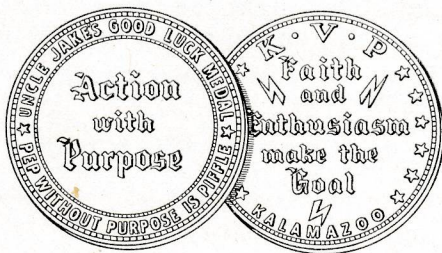
He lived by many of these, too. Indeed, there were times when he leaned heavily on some of them. He was never one to stand still. He pushed, he pulled, he made the load move, and people who did not do likewise had to get out of the way or get run over.

One of his happiest associations came from his membership in the Kalamazoo Rotary club which he had joined within a few weeks of its founding in 1914. Its ideals as expressed in the slogans *Service above self, He profits most who serves best*, greatly appealed to him. He came as near being an ideal Rotarian as that great group of business and professional men can produce.

THE KVP CALENDARS

This motto idea stuck with him. It was old when Benjamin Franklin used it, older when Elbert Hubbard revived it, but it still had power. In 1934 he put it to work for KVP. He took those three favorites and put them on 9 x 12 cards, with a calendar on the back, and sent them to the mill's direct customers. They continue to this day, and are reproduced each month on the inside back cover of this little magazine.

One year he took two of them and had a "lucky" pocket piece struck off. One went to everybody on the *Philosopher* mailing list. Thousands are still being carried. The two sides of the coin read:



A lot of advertising people turn up their noses at publicity of this nature, calendars and pocket pieces like these, but they work for KVP. That was reason enough to keep them for Uncle Jake. "Hang on to anything that works."

He never compromised with quality. To help ingrain it in the whole organization, he had the words **QUALITY FIRST** painted in many places inside the mill. He was a stickler for cleanliness and orderliness as well. "KVP makes papers to protect food. We must be as clean as any food factory!"

THE KVP PHILOSOPHER

Two years before the calendars, this same philosophy was put to work in the form of the KVP *Philosopher*. For a dozen years he had been writing one and often two letters a month to all the trade. They seldom talked about KVP products. They talked about politics and religion and horse races and boys whose parents gave them high powered cars. They spoke of farming and store keeping and paper making and pie baking. Of cinders and salesmen and buyers and book agents. In short, of everyday events in an eventful life. They became widely known and quoted. An old friend in Rotary, William L. Brownell, often collaborated.

A letter that people liked was called "Cinders On The Track." It told about boys coasting down a long, icy hill. One night they found the slide covered with ashes by an old man who lived at the top.

We were mad: rip-roaring mad. Every boy in the bunch, with one exception, suggested how we could "get even." But this lad said, "What we fellows want to do is to slide, and throwin' stones at his house ain't goin' to help us none. There's a bunch of shingles over there, let's all grab one and clean off the cinders."

Somebody is always throwing cinders on your track. Somebody is always saying and doing mean things. Somebody is always unfair competition. It has always been so and it will always be so, but the man who slides along with the least friction and the greatest success is the man who smilingly grabs the shingle of

quality and fair dealing and shovels off the cinders.

The success that comes by overcoming obstacles is the only success that really counts.

Another letter that is still remembered by many had to do with the need for co-operation. In it, he retold the old fable of the herd of asses attacked by wolves. As long as they faced the wolves, or ran off singly, or milled around in panic, they were easy victims and in a short time half their number was killed. It was then that the wisest of the asses shouted above the turmoil, "It's time we got our heads together!" When their heads were together, they presented a united front of deadly heels to the wolves so that the latter withdrew and the asses were saved.

One year he grew some tobacco on his little farm and had part of it made up into cigars. Of course it had not been cured properly, and was not blended, and if there have been worse cigars made before or since, no one knows about them. He gave them to visitors and had many a laugh at their expense as he watched them try to smoke his "private brand."

"Either give a man the *best* cigar or the *worst* cigar if you want the man to remember you." No one who tried those home-grown cigars ever forgot Uncle Jake.

Finding that incidents like these, sent out in letters, were well received by the trade, he said late in 1931, "The time will come when William and I will be gone. Let's keep up our letters but gradually work them over into a little house magazine. Maybe it will work." The first issue came out in January, 1932. It was called the *KVP Philosopher*. Like the letters, it did not say much about KVP papers. It left that to the salesmen. It bore on its masthead its reason for being . . . "the hope that it may aid in a

better understanding between man and man." A little later was added: "Not copyrighted. If there is good here, we want to share it." Uncle Jake loved to share good things.

HUNCHES... ACTION... STRUGGLES

He once wrote a series of articles on the early experiences he had in starting the mill, and the lessons he gained thereby. They had the title *Hunches . . . Action . . . Struggles*. He was a great believer in hunches. "When a hunch comes to you," he would say, "put salt on its tail. When it comes back three times, act on it." Here are a few excerpts:

It was our earnestness, enthusiasm, and our faith in the new venture that helped win the battle.

Our money was very meager. As time went on I saw the value of starting on such a meager amount. When men come to me today for help in starting a new enterprise, telling me the sad story they have no money, I say to them, "Thank God for that!" I know for a certainty that the absence of money may prove to be a blessing in disguise as it was with us in our early start in business.

Virtues of thrift, frugality, economy, blood sweating, and the burning of midnight oil stemmed the tide.

Cheap construction and cheap machinery is the way to the poorhouse.

If I could prevent young men from going through struggles I wouldn't do it. Struggles help to toughen men to find ways and means that will be a source of good fortune to them later.

When I was on the road I found that "Quality" was most often the answer why concerns succeeded, so I felt it was wise to devote a great deal of our time and effort to this in the beginning of our operations. Any concern that

will give thought and concern to the quality of its product need have no fear of ultimate success.

Men will stick with you when the going is hard if you just take a little time to talk with them concerning your whole program, telling them how necessary they are to the development of the business. I would cheerfully recommend that all industries who have labor troubles take time to sell every employee on what they are trying to do and the importance of his part in the whole program. It is an easy matter to promise much—but you must be honest. Keep your promises.

Don't knock your competitors. By boosting others you will boost yourself. A little competition is a good thing and severe competition is a blessing. *Thank God for competition.*

All my life I have used to good effect the same procedure in selling. Use three strong selling points, clothe them in the strongest language at your command, and with much earnestness put it over quickly.

When you discover that you are 51% right, consider yourself fortunate, and then as quickly as possible rearrange the other 49% of things that are wrong.

I never borrowed money for any other purpose than to buy stock in this company. Every cent I had and every cent I could borrow went into KVP stock. I believed in this company. If it was worth devoting my life to it was certainly worth putting my money into.

Every time I ever tried to get rich quick, I always got burned.

HIS RELIGION

His oldest business acquaintance and intimate friend was asked what was the first thing that came into his mind when he thought about Jacob Kindberger. Without a second's hesitation he replied, "His genuine Christian character."

He had seen Uncle Jake when the pressure was on. He had seen him angry and hurt and discouraged. But always he saw him respond to a sincere attempt to put the Golden Rule into action. "My!" he would say after the crisis was over, "I nearly lost my religion!"

He started a little Sunday School for farm children and those of mill hands in his own home. It grew into today's Parchment Union Methodist church with a Sunday School of 500.

He taught the adult Bible class for many years. He was never absent from morning, evening, and mid-week services. He held up the hands of the minister. He gave time, he gave thought, he gave money, all without stint.

He believed in prayer, deeply, sincerely believed in it. "It worked." He knew. He had tried it long and often.

There were those who criticised him for "talking so much about religion." It never bothered him. He tried to be a Christian seven days a week, 365 days a year. He had no use for the "Sunday Christian." A thing is either right or it is wrong, week days as well as Sundays.

The mill's huge Christmas party for all employees was his big event of the year, planned months in advance. It was always primarily a truly religious service, honoring a Babe born in a manger, God's great gift of Love to the world.

Small wonder his old friend said, "His genuine Christian character!"

THE BUILDER

He had an eternal, insatiable desire to build. From the day the little converting plant started up in the broken down sugar beet factory, to the end of his life, he had visions of something "bigger and

better." The emphasis was always on the *better*. If something was better, it would have to grow bigger. He knew the difficulties attending any building project or starting up any new machine, and he had the patience to outlast them.

He was a man of great pride. Not so much pride in the physical structures he built, but in his family, his home, his men he picked to build the business. He was a good selector of men, and he had great ability to measure their capacities and inspire them to do their best. He had the magnetic personality that drew people to him, and a dynamic ability to challenge their greatest efforts. Behind it all was a sense of humor that saved many a serious situation.

Had he made money his god, there is little doubt he could have become a millionaire. In that case, he could not have said, when asked what he looked upon as his greatest happiness . . . "the satisfaction of doing something—of being a builder. And the satisfaction of giving money away. That is the best satisfaction of all." He began the tithing habit when he was 15, and all his life that 10% or more came out of the pay check before anything else. He encouraged others to do it and enriched their lives in so doing.

No worthy charity was turned down "if there is money in the pot." Jew and gentile, Catholic or Protestant, white or black, it made no difference. "I love them all." He was tough-minded in getting dollar value for what he bought, but he was a soft touch for a worthy charity. His own Methodist church and its allied hospitals and schools got the most, but only because he felt he could do more by concentrating in a definite area. "Giving money is like giving up time and energy. Unless you have an awful lot of it, don't spread yourself too thin."

HE BUILDS A TOWN

When he first came to Kalamazoo, he moved his family into the office of the old factory that the mill had taken over. He wanted to be near his work, and it was three miles of dust or mud in summer, snow in winter, to Kalamazoo. It was hard to get workmen to walk that distance each day. So he became a booster for employees owning their own homes.

To all of them he wrote: "To all of you really interested in building a home, the company lots are offered to employees only, at cost; all gravel furnished free of charge, and water connected.

"Real estate is advancing very rapidly since the new mill has been started, also our community house, our first-class school, and the clean community have all contributed toward the increase of real estate. Don't miss a good opportunity. The writer is following his own advice."

The last sentence was extremely typical. He led by example as well as by precept. He literally took men by the arm, walked up and down the streets of the rapidly expanding little town, and said, "Build here. Your job is secure. If you can't swing it all yourself, come around. I'll try to find a way to help you."

The lovely little town of Parchment is the monument to this farseeing policy, which probably stemmed from his own feeling of insecurity when he was a boy. He wanted people to know that their jobs were safe and he knew that they would be better men in their jobs if they had pleasant home surroundings.

He loved flowers, and he and Mrs. Kindleberger planted them in great numbers about their own home just across from the original mill. When they gave 40 acres of their farm to the Village, Mr. Kindleberger quickly saw to it that the "desert was made

to bloom like the rose," and this lovely recreational area is one of the beauty spots of southern Michigan.

His devoted wife was of great help to him. Old-timers still tell how she would make sandwiches and coffee when it was necessary to work overtime, and she would pitch in and wrap and mail samples in the early days. Her gentle disposition and charming graciousness has been a tremendous asset not only to her husband but to the entire mill and community.

YOUNG PEOPLE

The story of Parchment's Home Works Corporation has often been told on these pages. You will recall that in the depression of the early 30's, our youngsters could not have the jobs in the mill usually given them in summer vacation; they had to go to heads of families. Result: idleness, no concept of the value of a dollar.

One day Uncle Jake called all boys of high school age into his office, proposed that they organize themselves into a "Company," solicit odd jobs on a business-like basis. It met with instant approval and continues to this day. At one time, even the little boys, 12 to 14, were making and selling articles like clothes props, bird houses, shoe-shine boxes, all under adult supervision. And the girls had a Junior Baking Company.

It brought the company wide publicity and gave us a line on the work and personality habits of youngsters who might some day be applying for a job. He took those extra dividends with great satisfaction. "Intelligent selfishness," he called it.

POLITICS

Although an ardent Republican, and in particular a foe of deficit spending, he was a realist. He wrote

to the trade in presidential years along the line of this letter, sent out during the bitter 1932 campaign:

No matter whether Mr. Hoover stays in or moves out, no matter whether Mr. Roosevelt moves in or stays out—you remain!

We have lived under several Republican and two Democratic presidents. We have seen the country go to the bow-wows several times before a national election; but you will notice that it is still here, the envy of all other nations, and in spite of direful predictions, it will continue to move on and move up if the businessmen of this country will repossess themselves of that spirit which actuated their pioneer forefathers.

Honesty of purpose, hard and intelligent work will once more bring us to the high ground we should occupy, no matter who may sit in the White House chair!

THE POST LEANER

When he saw men grow lazy, neglect their business, get too cocky, or display selfishness or stupidity, he had a favorite expression. "I feel just like leanin' up against a post and cryin'," he would say.

He was a great believer in Emerson's law of compensation, but he expressed it differently. The pendulum would swing back "and knock out the other side of the clock."

To his salesmen, he said: "We want good brakes. We want to put the brakes on booze and night parties that sap our vitality. Put the brakes on everything that happens to you that will make you a poorer man the next day."

New men who were careless in their language were told: "Don't swear. I am the official swearer around here."

He was an exceptional public speaker. If you were on the *KVP Philosopher* mailing list about 10

years ago, you received a copy of what was probably his greatest speech. It was given before his salesmen and mill supervisors on the company's 25th anniversary sales meeting. He called it "The Master Salesman of the World." He used St. Paul as his theme. A few excerpts:

All I am interested in about great men is "*What* did they do and *how* did they do it?"

Paul had a vision. When a man gets a vision, something happens!

When I was a boy they used to sing an old hymn entitled "Salvation is Free;" but that is not true. It is very, very high priced; but let me add, it is worth it.

Employers everywhere are looking for men who are on fire.

Passion in men performs greater miracles than electricity. If you have a passion you can sell firecrackers to the Devil, and if you haven't you would make a failure selling gold dollars for a nickel.

If you don't know what a wonderful thing prayer is, you are the loser. Prayer is a lever. It can move the earth.

He that loses his life in his work shall save it.

Others included:

This mill grew in answer to my prayer that we may serve humanity—not that we might make money.

If you and I are to be judged by mankind we will surely go to hell.

He was a man of so many facets, of so much individualism, that no one can completely characterize him in a single statement. Mr. R. A. Hayward,

president of the company since 1936, came as close to it as one well can when he said, "Mr. Kindleberger was a man of unlimited vision, unlimited faith, and unlimited enthusiasm. He possessed the rare faculty of being able to interpret his dreams into a realistic program of tangible service."

His favorite text likewise characterizes him:

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

One can almost believe that the prophet Micah foresaw a Jacob Kindleberger who would exemplify this divine requirement.

I had six honest serving men,
They taught me all I knew;
Their names were *What & Why & When*
And *How & Where & Who*.

— Kipling

Blessed is the man
who does not
bellyache

Elbert Hubbard

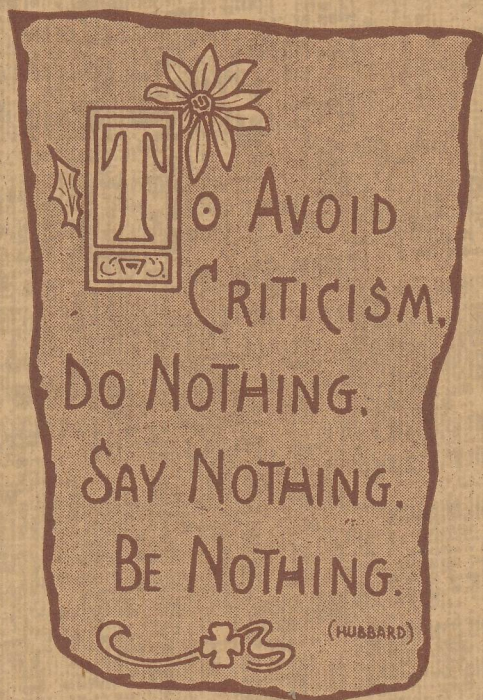


MR. AND MRS. JACOB KINDLEBERGER



BACKSTAGE AT A CHRISTMAS PARTY

R. A. Hayward, KVP president, Uncle Jake, Homer Rodeheaver



TO AVOID
CRITICISM.

DO NOTHING.

SAY NOTHING.

BE NOTHING.

(HUBBARD)

PUSH!

IF YOU CAN'T PUSH

PPULL

IF YOU CAN'T PULL

PLEASE GET OUT OF
THE WAY